

Blame it on the moonlit night by CeruleanHeart

Series: [You and me and the Devil makes three \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Boys Kissing, First Kiss, Fluff, M/M, Mentions of Injuries, Monsters, Piggyback Rides, Sprained Ankles, the classic trope, you know

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

When Steve injures his foot during a fight, Billy lets himself be convinced into giving him a piggyback ride. Grudgingly so. Or maybe not. The night does strange things to young boys' hearts.

[Fic belongs to the same continuity as Bastards & Monsters]

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Author's Note:

Originally requested by a anon on tumblr. I don't know who you are but I hope you like it. ;)

"We have to get out of here!" Mike cried and gestured with his arms, sounding mildly hysterical.

"But he can't WALK like this." Dustin snapped "He's hurt."

The group turned around in unison to look at Steve who was lying on the ground holding his side, where a barbed vine had tried to punch through him and left a gaping hole in his shirt and a deep gash in his skin. But that wasn't the problem, the problem was his twisted ankle from a second later, when the same vine had wrapped around it and tried to pull him down to drag him away.

"I'll be fine." Steve croaked, putting up a brave front. But he didn't sound fine or felt fine in any way.

"You can't even stand." Lucas remarked, dryly and cocked his eyebrow.

Steve let out a huff in response. He was the one supposed to protect the kids, not the other way round.

"Billy can carry him." Max said and put her hands on her hips.

The kids turned around again to look at Hargrove, who hadn't joined the discussion because he was busy wiping monster blood and goo from his face with his balled up shirt.

"What?" he stopped in his action when he saw the kids' eyes on him "What now?"

"You." Max repeated "Carry Steve."

"Fuck, no. You carry him yourself." he threw his ruined shirt to the ground and crossed his arms in front of his naked chest.

"C'mon Billy! Don't be an ass! Help us out!"

"Help you out? I've been chopping fucking monsters all fucking night! How the fuck am I not helping out?!"

"You guys, I can maybe..." Steve tried to interrupt the fight between the two step-siblings but Max gave him a death glare so he shut up. Apparently he wasn't in charge anymore tonight.

"Just this one last thing!" she tried negotiating with Billy putting on her best poker face. "You're the only one who's strong enough. Please, Billy?"

Playing on his vanity? Damn, she was good.

Hargrove grumbled and cocked his head to look around her and at Steve with a frown. He had joined their fight against the horrors from the Upside Down, mostly to save his own ass and because he enjoyed breaking things, Steve suspected and they were on friendlier terms now but still far from being best buddies. They did have their moments but those were scarce and never happened when the kids were around.

"I guess I can take him piggyback or something." Billy said finally, surprising everyone, but not without getting involved in a short, intense staring contest with the other boy.

"Okay but can you please hurry? I'm not sure that thing is dead." that was Mike again, fidgeting nervously.

They had given the monster a pretty hard time but with new tiny portals constantly opening all over Hawkins you never knew what nasty surprises lurked around the next corner.

Luckly El was able to sense and close them before any of them got too big. But it was taking a toll on her and that left Steve and the gang with acting as the cleanup team for the things that slipped through every once in a while.

Steve would've never admitted it but without Hargrove each of them might have died a couple of times already. It was like that guy was born to fight monsters, mercilessly slaying everything that came his

way without even a single flinch. The Party even had assigned him his own D&D class, "barbarian". Secretly Steve thought he was kinda badass.

"Don't get your panties in a twist, Wheeler. It looked dead enough to me..." Billy snarled and walked past the kids.

He always had to have the last word, Steve suppressed a grin as he watched him come over and crouch down in front of him.

"Lemme see that."

First, Steve thought he meant his ankle but Billy took his wrist and carefully moved his hand away from where he was still holding his side and then gently tugged his shirt up.

It stung as the raw flesh of the wound was exposed to the chilly night air of the forest and Steve couldn't stifle a small whimper.

"Goddammit, Harrington." Billy scoffed and shook his head, covering the wound again.

He looked him in the eyes, hard and even in the dim light of the full moon Steve could see the worry in them. It wasn't exactly what he had expected to find there and it made his stomach churn and his heart flutter at the same time.

"Is it bad?" he whispered.

"You guys go ahead, I'll look after our princess." Billy said to the kids without breaking eye contact but ignoring his question.

"But..." Dustin hesitated, clearly uncomfortable with the idea of leaving Steve and Billy alone.

"Just fucking go! We'll follow close. God, you're annoying the crap out of me."

Nobody wanted to argue with Billy when he was in one of his moods so the kids shuffled off, whispering to each other and stealing anxious glances over their shoulders.

"It's just a flesh wound. You'll be fine, you dumb sonofabitch." he murmured when they were out of earshot.

"You know." Steve sighed, his voice shaky with fatigue "I'd be great if you could be a little bit nicer, just for tonight."

Billy gave a short snort and shook his head like Steve was asking the impossible of him. Then he turned his back to the other boy, slightly bending his torso.

"Hop on."

Steve scooted over, gracelessly dragging his butt over the forest soil and draped his arms over Billy's shoulders.

"Try not to bleed all over my back, ok?" was Billy's only warning before he locked his hands underneath Steve's knees and rose, lifting the other boy in the process.

He wobbled a bit under the weight of the two them and adjusted Steve on his back to regain balance.

"Jesus, you're heavy for someone so skinny." he complained

"S... Sorry."

Steve tightened his hold over Billy's shoulder and settled his upper body against the guys broad back. The movement made the pain in his side flare up again leaving him panting heavily and hanging limply in the other boy's hold.

"Fuck..." he groaned and buried his face in the crook of Billy's neck, gritting his teeth.

Billy stalled at the touch and Steve could hear him swallow nervously. From where he rested his head, he was facing the curve of Billy's throat and his blonde curls tickled his nose and forehead, he could see the muscles in his strong jaw working as he clenched his teeth.

"You ok?" Billy asked, his voice tight.

It occurred to Steve then, that maybe he was getting a bit too intimate for a piggyback ride but he was too much in pain and exhausted to care anymore or lift his head again. So he simply hummed in affirmation, closed his eyes and listened to the sound of Billy's feet as he started walking again and made his way through the undergrowth.

Despite his earlier complaint Hargrove seemed to carry him with ease. It wasn't the first time Steve felt some honest-to-god appreciation for the young man's strength and he was pretty sure it wouldn't be the last time either.

They moved like this for a while with only silence between them. The gentle sway of Billy's steps and the warmth of his naked skin seeping through the thin cotton of Steve's t-shirt made him feel drowsy and content. Hargrove smelled like tangy fresh sweat and tobacco mostly but there was also the faint memory of some sort of cologne that had a hint of cinnamon, musk and leather. Steve decided he liked it.

"How nice?"

Billy's words came out of nowhere and startled Steve from his half-slumber.

"What?"

"How nice do you want me to be?"

The question made Steve smile and he lifted his chin so he could look at Billy's face from the side.

"Very nice. As nice as possible."

"As nice as possible?"

"Yeah." Steve leaned over his shoulder a bit more so he could see the expression on the other boy's face better.

Billy was staring straight ahead with a little frown on his handsome face like he was concentrating really hard on estimating how nice he could possibly be, chewing on his bottom lip.

"Hm."

Somehow he looked cute that way, like a pouty little boy and Steve couldn't help but chuckle. Billy turned his head around at that sound and suddenly their faces were merely half an inch apart. He stopped dead in his tracks and for a moment both boys did nothing but look into each other's eyes and breathe the same air.

There was a calmness spreading in Steve's chest, like the entire last year had narrowed down and lead to this precise moment with only one possibility of how it would turn out.

When Billy leaned in and their mouths met in a mix of soft lips and rough stubble, Steve felt like his heart was falling apart and then put together again in the most exquisite and delicate way possible.

Billy kissed him for what felt like a long time but tenderly, chastely, as if he was trying to soothe Steve and take the pain from him. And when he finally pulled away and smiled at him Steve felt dizzy from all the butterflies in his stomach.

"There you go. That nice enough?" Billy smiled, sounding a bit breathless himself but also smug as hell.

Steve put his face back in the crook of his neck to hide the blush he was sure was glowing bright red even in the cold light of the moon.

"Yeah." he mumbled "For tonight."

Billy's laugh was light and honest and full of affection as he sped up his step to catch up with the others.

Author's Note:

I decided to make this a little series of Billy and Steve falling in love while fighting monsters. So here's some fluff after the butcher fest in Bastards & Monsters.

As always thank you for reading I hope you liked it! If you did, I'd be super nice if you considered leaving a kudos or a comment. I love hearing from you guys.

^^

Also, here's my [tumblr](#). Come drop by if you feel like it for some more writing, occasional art and some general 80s aesthetics. :)